

The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his traine, and Portia.
Flor. Cornets.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,
If you choofe that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
But if thou faile, without more speech my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enioynd by oath to obserue three things;
First, neuer to vnfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I faile
Of the right casket, neuer in my life
To wooe a maide in way of marriage:
Lastly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choise,
Immediately to leaue you, and be gone.

Por. To these iniunctions euery one doth sweare
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

Ar. And so haue I addrest me, fortune now
To my hearts hope: gold, gluer, and base lead.
Who choofeth me must giue and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.
What faies the golden chest, ha, let me see:
Who choofeth me, shall gaine what many men desire:
What many men desire, that many may be meant
By the foole multitude that choole by show,
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th'interior, but like the Martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and rode of casualtie.
I will not choofe what many men desire,
Because I will not iumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou Silver treasure house,
Tell me once more, what title thou doost beare;
Who choofeth me shall get as much as he deserues:
And well said too; for who shall goe about
To cofen Fortune, and be honourable
Without the stampe of merit, let none presume
To weare an vndeferued dignitie:
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
Were purchast by the merit of the wearer;
How many then should couer that stand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low pleasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seede of honor? And how much honor
Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,
To be new varnisht: Well, but to my choise.
Who choofeth me shall get as much as he deserues.
I will assume desert; giue me a key for this,
And instantly vnlocke my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.

Ar. What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a feede, I will reade it:
How much vnlike art thou to Portia?
How much vnlike my hopes and my deseruings?
Who choofeth me, shall haue as much as he deserues.
Did I deserue no more then a fooles head,
Is that my prize, are my deserts no better?
Por. To offend and iudge are distinct offices,
And of oppos'd natures.
Ar. What is here?

The fier seauen times tried this,

Seauen times tried that indement is,
That did neuer choofe amis,
Some there be that shadowes kisse,
Such haue but a shadowes blisse:
There be fooles alike I wis
Silver'd o're, and so was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your head:
So be gone, you are sped.

Ar. Still more foole I shall appeare
By the time I linger here,
With one fooles head I came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adue, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroath.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath:
O these deliberate fooles when they doe choofe,
They haue the wisdom by their wit to loofe.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by destinie.

Por. Come draw the curtaine Nerissa.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Mes. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate
A yong Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th'approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit (besides commendments and courteous breath)
Gifts of rich value; yet I haue not seene
So likely an Ambassador of loue.
A day in Aprill neuer came so sweete
To show how costly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-fear'd
Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st it such high-day wit in praising him:
Come, come Nerissa, for I long to see
Quicke Cupids Post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio Lord, loue if thy will it be. Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Solanio and Salarino.

Sol. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?

Sal. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that *Antonio*
hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow seas; the
Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous
flat, and fatall, where the carcasses of many a tall ship, lye
buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest wo-
man of her word.

Sol. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as euer
knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleue she wept
for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without
any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plaine high-way of
talke, that the good *Antonio*, the honest *Antonio*; o that
I had a title good enough to keepe his name company!

Sol. Come, the full stop.

Sal. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost
a ship.

Sal. I

Sol. I would it might proue the end of his losses.
Sal. Let me say Amen betimes, least the diuell crosse
my praier, for here he comes in the ikenes of a Jew. How
now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Merchants?

Enter *Shylocke*.

Shy. You knew none so well, none so well as you, of
my daughters flight.

Sol. That's certaine, I for my part knew the Tailor
that made the wings she flew withall.

Sol. And *Shylocke* for his own part knew the bird was
fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them all to leaue
the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sol. That's certaine, if the diuell may be her Iudge.

Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.

Sol. Out vpon it old carrion, rebels at these yeeres.

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and bloud.

Sol. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and
hers, then betweene Iet and Iuorie, more betweene your
bloods, then there is betweene red wine and rennish: but
tell vs, doe you heare whether *Antonio* haue had anie
losse at sea or no?

Shy. There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a
prodigall, who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalto,
a begger that was vld to come so smug vpon the Mart:
let him look to his bond, he was wont to call me Vsurer,
let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money
for a Christian curtise, let him looke to his bond.

Sol. Why I am sure if he forsaite, thou wilt not take
his flesh, what's that good for?

Shy. To baite fish withall, if it will feede nothing
else, it will feede my reuenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and
hindred me halfe a million, laugh'd at my losses, mockt at
my gaires, scorn'd my Nation, thwarted my bargaines,
cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the
reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a
Jew hands, organs, demotions, senses, affections, passi-
ons, fed with the same food, hurt with the same wea-
pons, subiect to the same diseases, healed by the same
meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and
Sommer as a Christian is: if you prick me, do we not
bleede? if you tickle vs, do we not laugh? if you poison
vs, do we not die? and if you wrong vs shall we not re-
uenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you
in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility,
reuenge? If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his suf-
ferance be by Christian example, why reuenge? The vil-
lanie you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard
but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from *Antonio*.

Gentlemen, my maister *Antonio* is at his house, and
desires to speake with you both.

Sol. We haue bene vp and downe to seeke him.

Enter *Tuball*.

Sol. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot
be marcht, vnlesse the diuell himselfe turne Jew.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what newes from *Genowa*? hast
thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did heare of her, but can-
not finde her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone
cost me two thousand ducats in Frankford, the curfe ne-
uer fell vpon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till now,
two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, preci-

ous jewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot,
and the jewels in her care: would she were heart at my
foote, and the duckets in her coffin: no newes of them,
why so? and I know not how much is spent in the search:
why thou losse vpon losse, the theefe gone with so
much, and so much to finde the theefe, and no satisfa-
ction, no reuenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights
a my shoulders, no fighes but a my breathing, no teares
but a my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men haue ill lucke too, *Antonio* as I
heard in *Genowa*?

Shy. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

Tub. Hath an Argosie cast away comming from *Tri-
polis*.

Shy. I thanke God, I thanke God, is it true, is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped
the wracke.

Shy. I thanke thee good *Tuball*, good newes, good
newes: ha, ha, here in *Genowa*.

Tub. Your daughter spent in *Genowa*, as I heard, one
night fourescore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me, I shall neuer see my
gold againe, fourescore ducats at a sitting, fourescore du-
cats.

Tub. There came diuers of *Antonio*'s creditors in my
company to Venice, that sweare hee cannot choofe but
breake.

Shy. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture
him, I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring that hee had of
your daughter for a Monkie.

Shy. Out vpon her, thou torturest me *Tuball*, it was
my Turkies, I had it of *Leab* when I was a Bachelier: I
would not haue giuen it for a wildernes of Monkies.

Tub. But *Antonio* is certainly vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe *Tuball*, see
me an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will
haue the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Ve-
nice, I can make what merchandize I will: goe *Tuball*,
and meete me at our Synagogue, goe good *Tuball*, at our
Synagogue *Tuball*. Exeunt.

Enter *Bassanio*, *Portia*, *Gratiano*, and all their traine.

Por. I pray you tarry, pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I loose your companie; therefore forbear a while,
There's something tells me (but it is not I) I
would not loose you, and you know your selfe,
Hate counsailes not in such a quallitie;
But least you should not vnderstand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choofe right, but then I am forsworne,
So will I neuer be, so may you misse me,
But if you doe, youle make me wish a sinne,
That I had bene forsworne: Bestrow your eyes,
They haue ore-lookt me and deuied me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would say: but of mine then yours,
And so all yours; O these naughtie times
Puts bars betweene the owners and their rights,
And so though yours, not yours (proue it so)
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
I speake too long, but 'tis to peize the time,
To ich it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

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Bass. Let